

No. 51

BIG
SHOT

BIG SHOT

w 10c
NOVEMBER

IN THIS ISSUE:
SPARKY WATTS
THE FACE
JOE PALOOKA
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN
CHARLIE CHAN
and BO

SAY GOOD BYE,
TOJO — THE YANKS
ARE COMING!



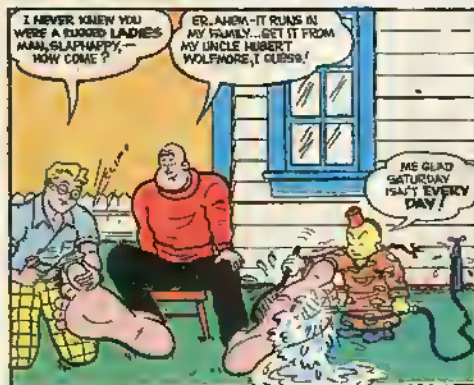


**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

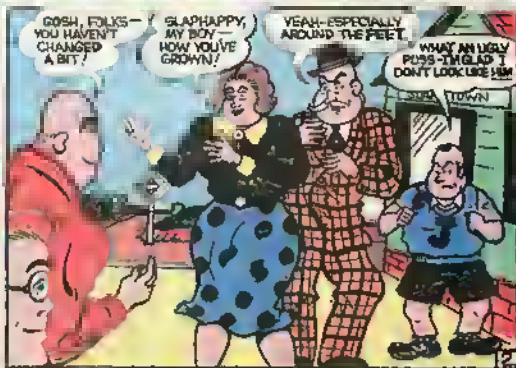
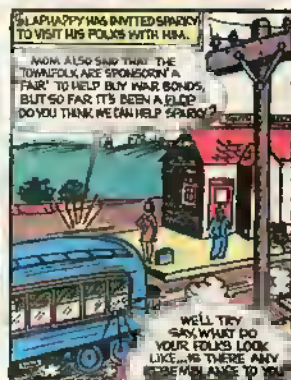
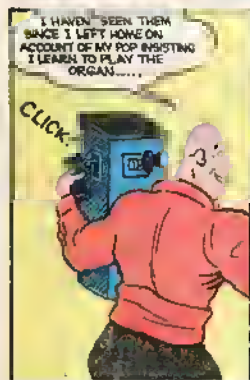
SPARKY WATTS

DOC STATIC HAS INVENTED A COSMIC RAY MACHINE THAT MADE SPARKY WATTS THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH..... IT ALSO MADE GLAPHAPPY'S FEET THE BIGGEST

16



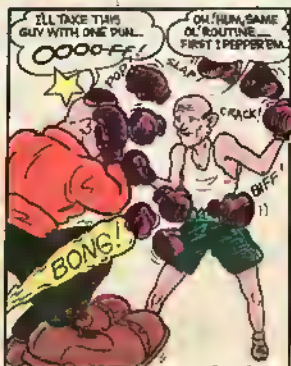
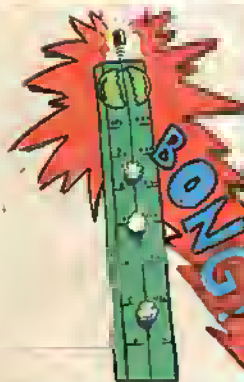
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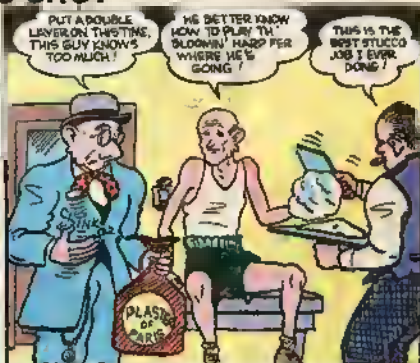
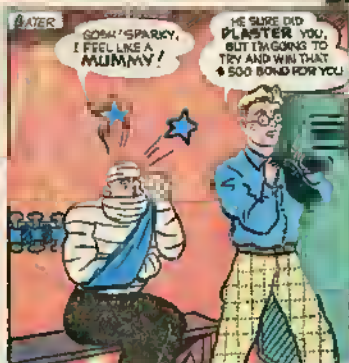
BIG SHOT



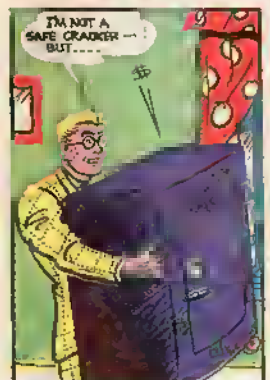
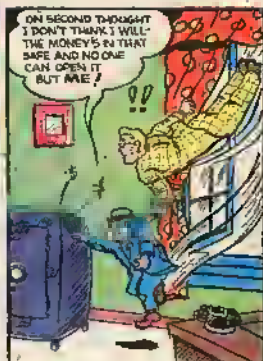
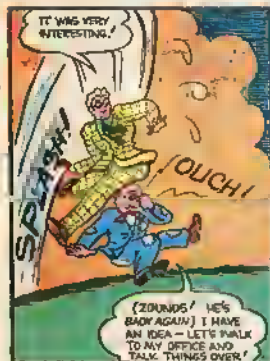
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



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MORE OF SPARKY WATTS, WORLDS STRONGEST FUNNY MAN, IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BIG SHOT

The

SKYMAN



A BEAUTIFUL RED-HEAD, A FORMULA FOR HIGH-EXPLOSIVE, AND A SUBTERRANEAN TORTURE CHAMBER, COMBINE TO GIVE SKYMAN AN EXCITING AFTER-NOON ...!

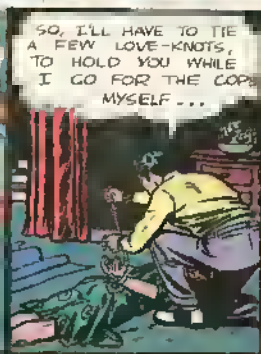
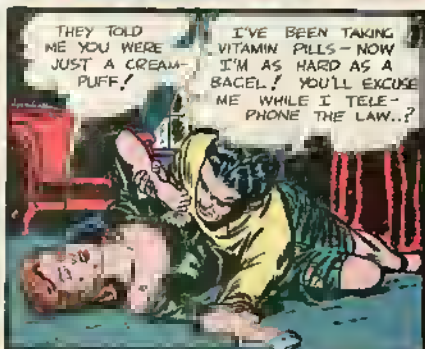
UNCLE PETE! A V-MAIL LETTER ALL THE WAY FROM CHINA-- FROM FAWN CARROLL! SHE'S STILL WITH THE 14TH AIR FORCE BOYS.

SHE WRITES THAT SKYMAN WAS THERE, BUT HAS LEFT --- **HEY!**

RAISE YOUR PAINTY HANDS, PRETTY BOY-- IT'S HEALTHY EXERCISE!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING RED AND HER
FRIENDS CAN BE AFTER
Y-69!



NOW, IF I'VE TIED THOSE
KNOTS RIGHT, RED
OUGHT TO BE WORKING
FREE ANY MINUTE...



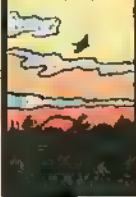
AH! THERE'S
BABY, NOW..!



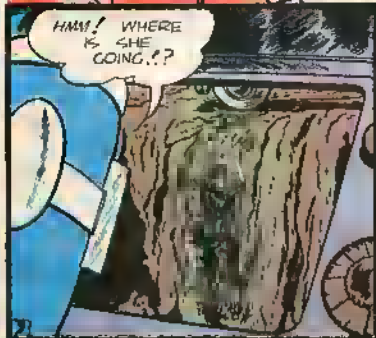
IF I STAY ABOVE THE CLOUDS,
SHE CAN'T SEE THE WING-BUT
I CAN FOLLOW HER ON THE
TELEVISI-SCREEN!



FOR SEVERAL
HOURS THE
AERIAL PUR-
SUEUR TRAILS
THE EARTH-
BOUND QUARRY
UNTIL, NEAR
SUNSET...



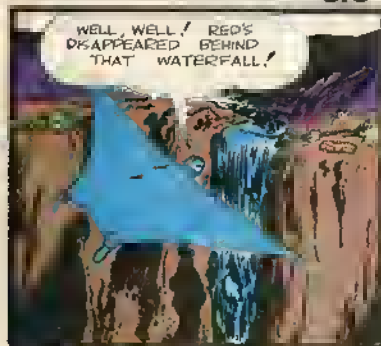
HMM! WHERE
IS SHE
GOING..?



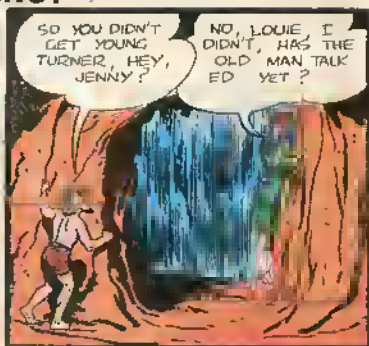
THE WING'S MOTORS
MIGHT ALARM THE ENEMY-
SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO
USE THE ICARUS-CAPE
FOR A GLIDER
APPROACH...



BIG SHOT

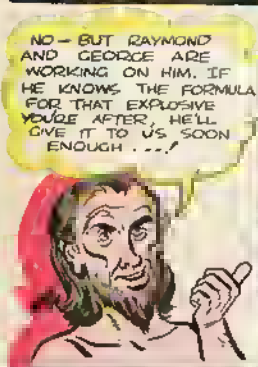


WELL, WELL! RED'S
DISAPPEARED BEHIND
THAT WATERFALL!



SO YOU DIDN'T
GET YOUNG
TURNER, HEY,
JENNY?

NO, LOUIE, I
DIDN'T, HAS THE
OLD MAN TALK
ED YET?



NO - BUT RAYMOND
AND GEORGE ARE
WORKING ON HIM. IF
HE KNOWS THE FORMULA
FOR THAT EXPLOSIVE
YOU'RE AFTER, HE'LL
GIVE IT TO US SOON
ENOUGH ...!



TRICKY UPDRAFTS
HERE - I HOPE I
CAN MAKE THE
LEDGE...



PHEW! GLAD I'VE
BEEN EATING
BIRD-SEED!



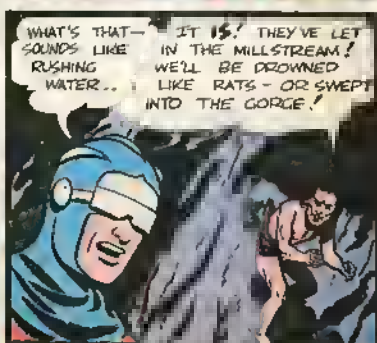
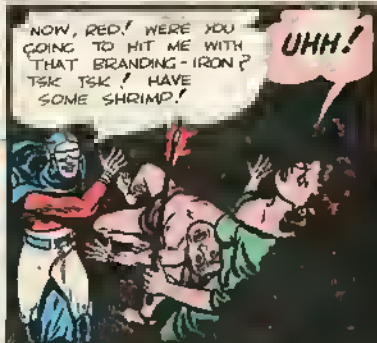
COME NOW- HOW'S
ABOUT A LITTLE
DICTATION...?



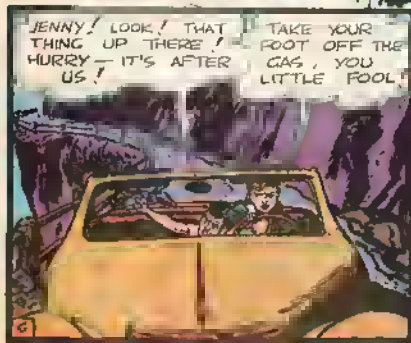
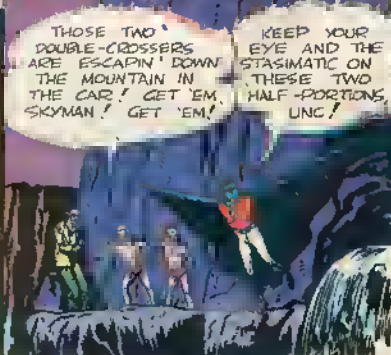
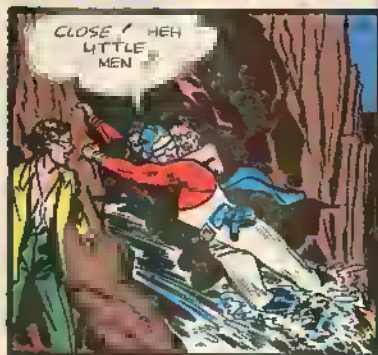
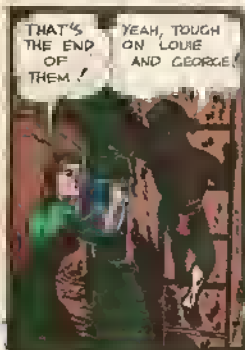
CERTAINLY! YOURS OF
OCTOBER 30TH RECEIVED
AND CONTENTS NOTED.
SORRY WE DON'T LIKE
YOUR PRODUCT-AND HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE A
KNOCK ON THE HEAD...?

SEEMAN

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

MEN! Sensational New NECKTIE GLOWS in the Dark!

**CREATES A SENSATION
WHEREVER YOU GO...**

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of a new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code. . . . "V"! It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection in blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this astounding but limited introductory offer, you, too, can secure some of these ties in wear yourself or give as a desired gift.

**YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF
SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON . . . TEST AT OUR RISK**

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be as proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98¢. Nor is that all. You need no money. You merely pay postman 98¢ plus postage. Then see these. See how beautiful. And if you're not 100% in wear it, if you're not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO., Dept. 541
207 W. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Just send me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98¢ plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted, or return the full value.

If you want me to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$2.79, check here ☐

Name

Address

City Zone State

ONLY 98¢

**BY DAY
A
WONDERFUL
NECKTIE**



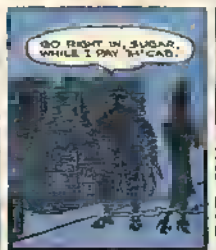
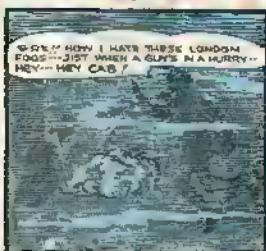
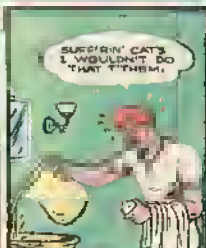
**BY NIGHT
THE MOST
UNIQUE EFFECT
YOU HAVE
EVER SEEN**



Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called "Blackout") Neckties will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code is flaming brightly! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

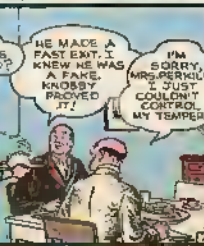
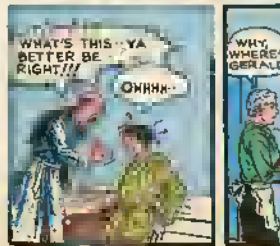
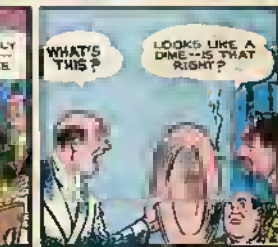
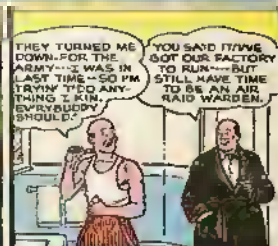
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

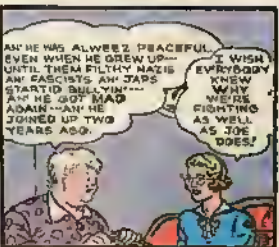
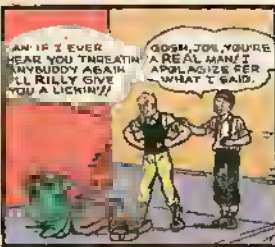
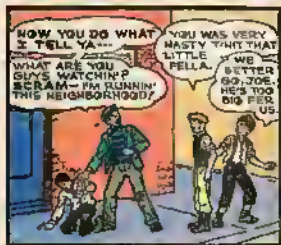
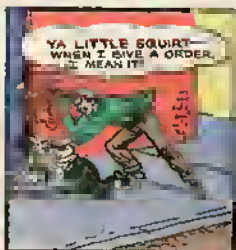
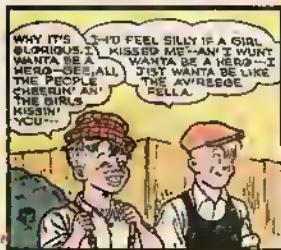
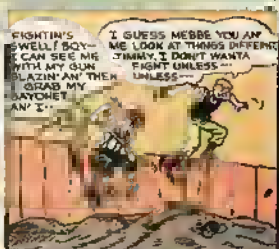
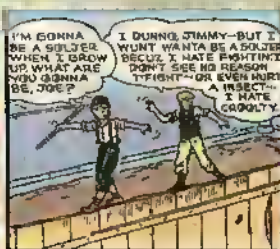
by HAM FISHER.



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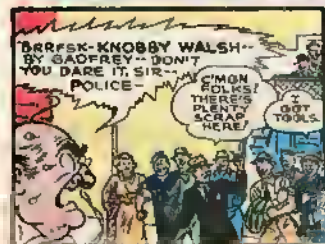
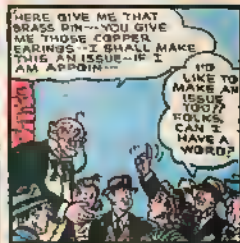
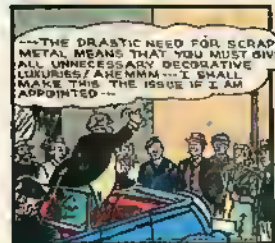
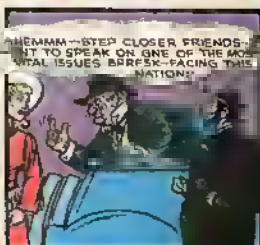
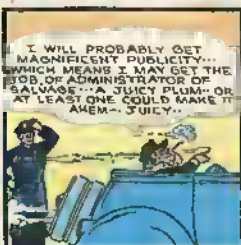
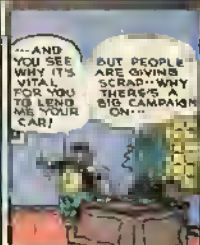
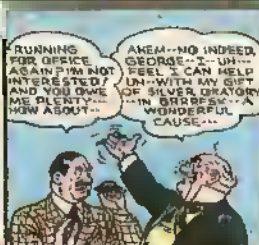
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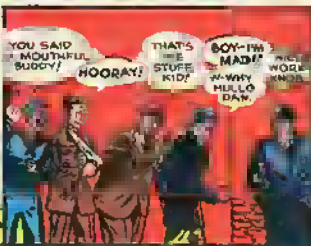
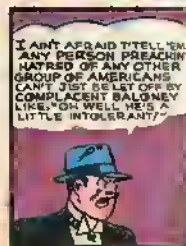
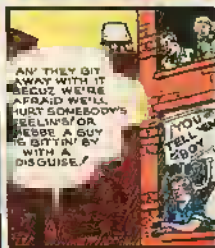
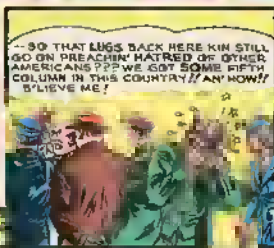
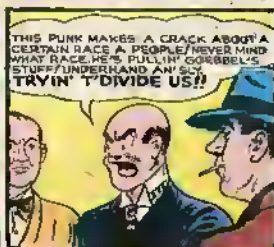
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER



DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVoy and STRIEBEL

WHEN
BUD HALE
MICKEY'S
FIANCE
WAS
DRAFTED
MICKEY
AND DIXIE
WENT ON
UPON
THEIR
RETURN...

H'LO!

HERE COME YOUR
WANDERING —
???



WELL—I LIKE
THAT! WHY THE
DROOPING
JAWS?

OH, HELLO,
DARLING!
WE ARE
GLAD TO SEE BOTH
OF YOU AGAIN —
WE'RE STILL IN THE
THROES OF SAD
NEWS —

SAD
NEWS?

IT'S YOUR UNCLE,
DEAR

UNCLE BEVVY?
??



OH—NO—NO!!

BETTER GO
WITH HER,
DEAR

O.K.



OOH—BOO—HOO
—HOO—HOO

MICKEY
—WAIT!



I'M GOING
TO DRIVE!

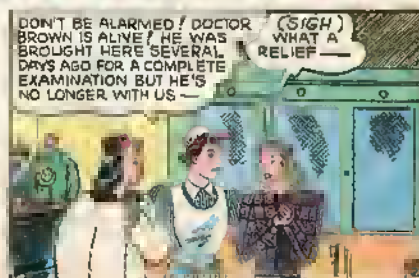
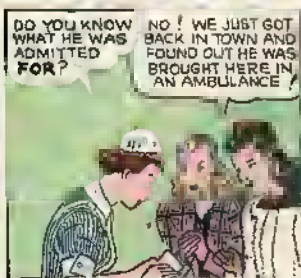
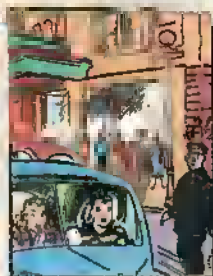
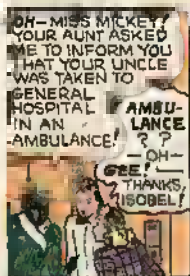
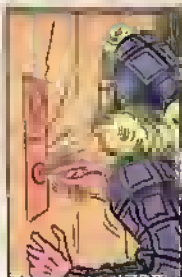
508-308-308
ALL—508-
—RIGHT
3 508



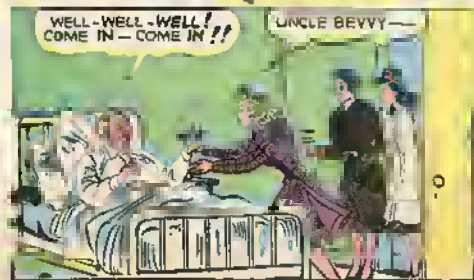
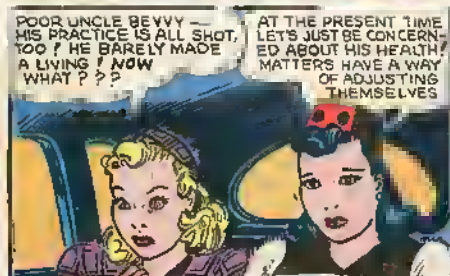
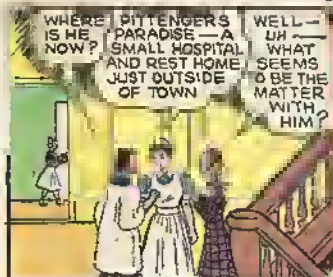
SNAP OUT OF IT! NO
—USE GETTING PANIC!
—WHEN WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HIM!



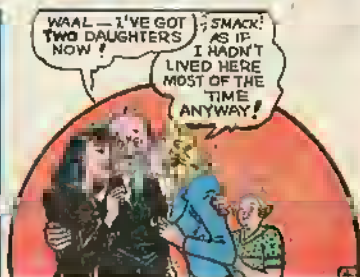
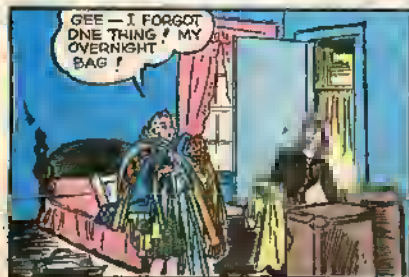
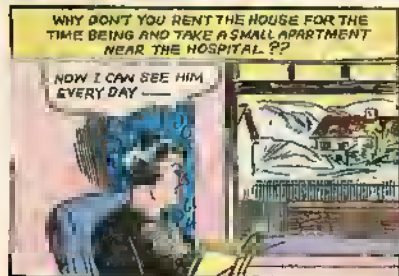
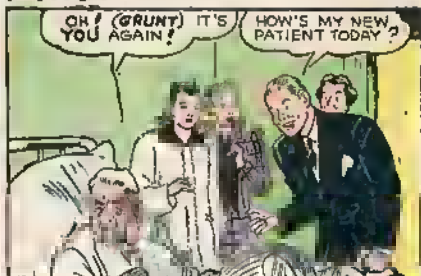
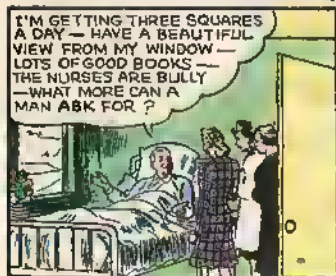
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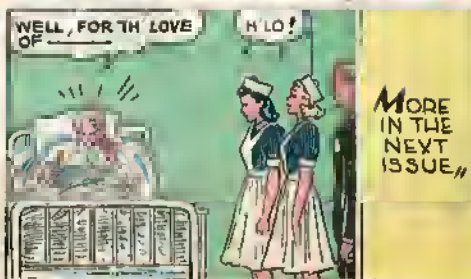
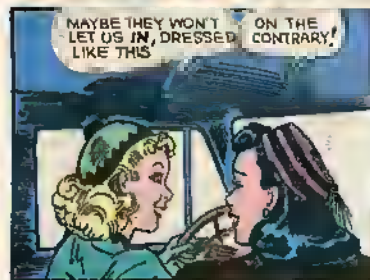
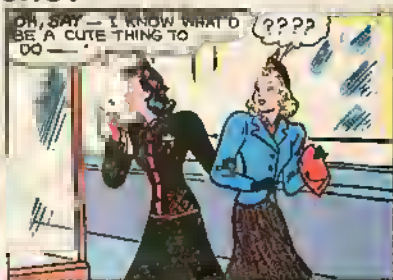
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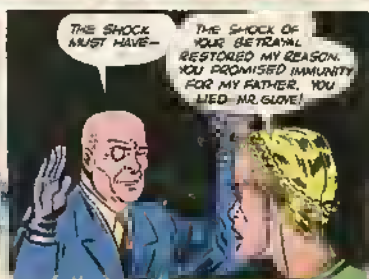


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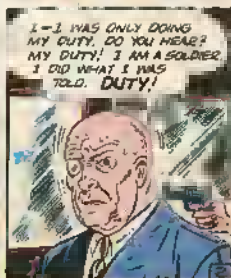
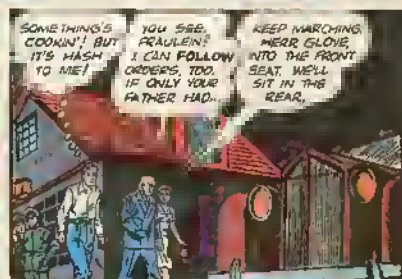
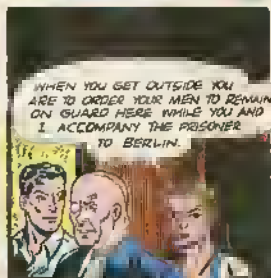
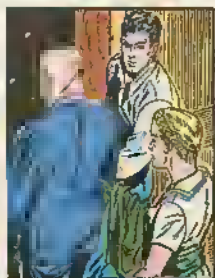
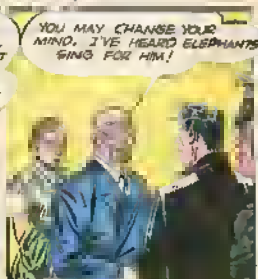


JORDAN

VIC IS BEING HELD PRISONER BELOW-WHILE IN THE ATTIC ELSE AND MR. GLOVE SEARCH FOR A DOLL BELIEVED TO HOLD INFORMATION CONCERNING THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND



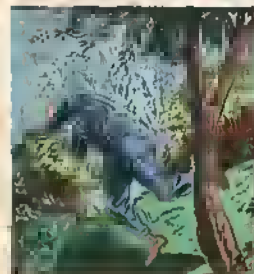
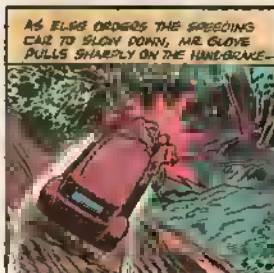
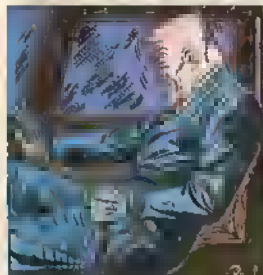
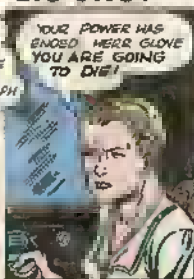
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

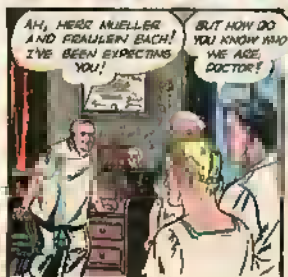
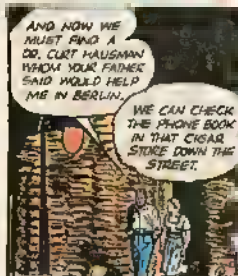
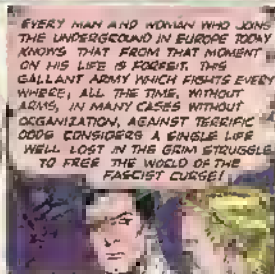
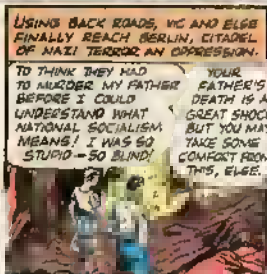


I'M A WEALTHY MAN, HERE MUELLER. I HAVE POWER. I CAN HELP YOU... RUDOLPH TELL THEM—



WE HAVEN'T TIME TO HUNT FOR HIM ELSE. AS SOON AS THAT WRECKED FORD THE GASTARD WILL BE HUNTING US!

BIG SHOT



THE ASHES OF MR. ACROPOLIS

By MART BAILEY

TOBY PERWOLD'S little red moustache looked like a caterpillar that had been disappointed in love and had let itself go.

"Tall one," I said, wincing at the human tangedy at the other end of the mahogany bar, "what catastrophe has reduced Brother Toby to this deplorable state?"

Joe the Bartender sang *No Sale* on the cash register and slipped a dollar into his shoe with a muttered imprecation upon distrustful beer-godden proprietors who saw up a bartender's pockets.

"You want to hear about Toby Perwold and the bronze lamp?" he inquired at last. "It's a ghoulish story. Makes my blood run cold."

"Just the thing for a summer night," I said, and lighted my cigar.

LAST TUESDAY (began Joe the Bartender, sprinkling an extra dose of salt over the free lunch) Toby came home with the bronze lamp. The proprietor of the second-hand store, who had been trapped Toby as he was passing by, was a big gorilla with a gilt for gilt, persuasion and a manacled knack of cracking his knuckles. He seemed peculiarly anxious to get rid of the bronze lamp, even if he had to take a mere five hundred percent profit.

"What have you there?" said Toby's Aunt Amelia as he unwrapped the lamp. "Nora dear?"

Had she not spoken, Toby would have seen the lamp promptly to the subway. Better had he done so! But when Aunt Amelia gave one of her raspy laughs, Toby, as it were, clirped the lamp to his bosom.

"A very excellent lamp," he replied shyly. "Hal!"

"I bought it especially for my desk. Set it off. With three panes missing?"

Indeed, as Toby would have admitted to anyone else, the lamp was in a sorry condition. Three panes of the green globe shade were missing. Moreover, the lamp needed a scouring, and the dancing figures which embellished the vase section had been nearly effaced by time or mis use.

"Gives more light without the panes," said Toby.

"Hal!"

"And now, if you will be kind enough to get an electric bulb, we shall see how it works."

"Where do you think you're going to put the electric bulb, lunkhead?" inquired Aunt Amelia.

"Why, right here," said Toby, and his finger, probing on unfamiliar mechanism, discovered that the bronze lamp belonged to the era of kerosene illumination.

"Hal" said Aunt Amelia.

"I'll use it for a paperweight until we can secure the necessary juice," said Toby.

"Hal" said Aunt Amelia, and proceeded to dust the room for the twelfth time that day.

drinking over the typewriter about Mad Mont-stash who turn out to be Japanese spies and superdupes heroes in saba capes and night boots.

Two a.m. of this ill-fated day found Toby going awall. His typewriter was clacking beautifully; the mood was upon him, he was equipped with a bottle of Aunt Amelia's root beer and a carton of cigarettes. Lulu seemed very good. One more page ending separated the hero in the stometic helmet from climbing out of the acid sea and dashing headily with the five-eyed monster, or vice versa. Yes, Lulu was good, thought Toby, and he could almost under the night of the bronze lamp.

With the satisfaction that comes to an author who has kept leith with his public and has ladled out the blood and suspense undiluted, Toby would have written *finis* sometimes before dawn. That is, if he had not fallen asleep.

He was awakened by a heavy metallic clank.

Comic book script writers are a canny lot, Toby told me, and equal to any occasion. Comes of having to get their heroes incessantly out of exploding messes and spots like that. Hearing this unusual sound (unusual unless you keep a roller's horse in the parlor), Toby did what he was, say red-blooded comic book author would do. He lifted the lid of his right eye and cautiously peered about the room.

What he saw made him leap four feet into the stratosphere!

On the other side of the desk stood a guy fifteen feet high. Yes, fifteen feet high, and dressed in ancient Greek armor. His helmet shined against the ceiling as he bent over the bronze lamp.

Yet, after the first moment, Toby was not afraid.

The giant warrior was in a melancholy mood, Toby says, and seemed not disposed to hurt anyone, though he could have pulverized Joe Louis with his little finger. Indeed, for a long while the giant seemed unaware of Toby's presence, and went on fumbling with the bronze lamp.

Finally he looked up and spoke in a deep, sepulchral voice. Toby did not understand, but the words put him mentally back in the fourth row of the Greek class in high school, where a frazzled-headed prof named Pop Rose was gibbering unintelligibly.

The warrior tried again, this time in English, which Toby understood.

"I am Hermes Xenophon Acropolis. I did not mean to disturb you, but will you kindly remove this?" Mr. Acropolis handed Toby the bronze lamp and indicated the shade and the kerosene apparatus.

"Sure, sure, Mr. Acropolis. Anything you say."

Mr. Acropolis took both the bronze base, and lifting the dark light trickle down his long throat, he stared into the depths. His expression grew more sorrowful.

"Something wrong?" said Toby.

"It's just as I expected," replied Mr. Acropolis, sadly.

"Too bad," said Toby. "But that's his. May I ask what's the trouble?"



TOBY, as you know, is a script writer for a comic book. In pursuance of this foul profession, he frequently spends whole nights

Mr Acropolis suddenly reminded Toby of the Empus Stas Building when storm clouds are gathering thunderbolts. He prodded the vase with a nervous finger.

"This," said Mr Acropolis, "is my burial urn." Toby shrank in his skin. "Burial urn? You mean you're dead?"

Not a pleasant situation, eh? And not at all relieved when the warrior guy added in that graveyard voice that Borin Kallioff uses in his more morbid moments. "Yes, I forgot to duck a javelin at Marathon. My sacred ashes are contained within that urn—what's left of them."

The ancient Greeks, Toby remembered, favored cremation to dispose of their faithful departed. Saved undertakers' bills. And so here he was, talking to a ghost—and the bronze lamp was not a bronze lamp, or even a paperweight, but a burial urn! He understood now why the only proprietor of the second-hand store hid bees so eager to get in out to someone else.

"By the gods!" Mr. Acropolis exploded, as if Toby left ten years short of his life. It was cold comfort to think the proprietor of the second-hand store had gone through this, too. "Why must my sacred ashes be scattered so wantonly? And where, I respect? First that wretched shrine, then lost a good portion when he unsealed my urn. From then on I haven't been able to call these ashes my own. Each time another blasted mortal touches this urn more of my ashes vanish—until now I don't know where half of it is."

"Downright shame," Toby sympathized. Mr. Acropolis made a gesture. "When I look has on the Last Day? Only hell turned out."

Toby considered the prospect. "Appealing," he decided, and started to tell Mr. Acropolis about a movie he'd seen recently titled *The Invisible Man's Half Brother*.

"The idiot who laid down a lamp of this urn lost most of my ashes," interrupted Mr. Acropolis, "but he lived to regret it."

Toby winced. "I tell you what, maybe you ought to take the urn. Keep an eye on it yourself. You know, hell's a lot."

"No," replied Mr. Acropolis, sadly. "Nice of you to suggest it, but the urn cannot be brought into the spiritual kingdom." Mr. Acropolis paused, and Toby could see the spectral singer replaced by an idea. "You," said Mr. Acropolis, fixing him with an Ancient Mariner's eye, "you will take care of the urn for me."

"But—but—but—"

The proprietor of the second-hand store would have taken lessons from Mr. Acropolis in how to acquire oily persuasiveness and sly knowledge. "You will keep this urn in your family, and it will be as dear to you as carefully kept by you and your descendants." Carefully kept. Remember that, mackerel face.

The point was that Toby agreed. What else could he do? Toby is sure that Mr. Acropolis would consider eye-gouging a easy sport, and he shuddered to think what had befallen the lamp-maker who unwittingly desecrated and scattered the ashes of Mr. Acropolis.

Still, looking at it so other way, there aren't many guys in that world who have a sacred trust. Considering this Toby felt a warmth stir in his bosom. After all, he did spend one summer with the Boy Scouts, and that's why leaves its mark.

Promising to pop back once in a while to see how well his sacred ashes were being preserved, the ghostly Mr. Acropolis finally departed, and Toby was glad. During the last few minutes, he says, it was touch and go, because a vase with an

A-plus character like his, these conversations with the Other World take their toll.

THE SUN was bubbling through the curtains when Toby awoke again, and he was amazed at the cheeriness of the place. The stale air of the previous night had been dispelled. His desk had been tidied; the empty root beer bottle and the accumulation of cigarette ashes had disappeared. Yet these were ordinary conditions wrought by the perpetual motions of Aunt Amelia. There must be some other explanation for this preternatural cheeriness, thought Toby.

Then he knew what it was. A graceful vase that shone like burnished gold sat on his desk, with fresh-cut chrysanthemums from the garden glowing prettily in the sunlight.

Toby liked the effect. And he was contemplating it with a good deal of inner pleasure, when something like a hot iron pin stuck into his throat.

For this cheerful vase, glittering so happily in the sun, was the bronze lamp—minus shade and keyhole—a spiritual and highly polished!

"Oh, my sacred sun!" he gasped.

"Did you call me?" said Aunt Amelia, from under the desk, while she was digging a fox-hole with broom and duster.

Toby nearly strangled. "Did you—did you?" he croaked.

Aunt Amelia looked pleased. "Makes a pretty home vase, doesn't it?"

"You're—You're—"

"Yes," replied Aunt Amelia. "It's certainly a better vase than an ashtray, anyway. And hereafter, when I catch you with your cigarette ashes where they belong, how you've consumed so much tobacco without as having broken it beyond use."

Toby found his voice again. A thin voice, unrecognizable as his own, and hardly worth finding.

"You're mean," he spluttered, "you mean you threw out the ashes—the sacred thing—that was an idiot's waste?"

"Naturally," said Aunt Amelia.

Toby did not wait for any more bright thoughts. He left the house without packing a toothbrush, and he hasn't been home since. I see so many that I blame him. You are, he doesn't know what to say to Mr. Acropolis.

FOR a minute after Joe the Bartender had finished speaking, I was silent before a tragedy of the first order.

"It's a tragedy of the first order," I said. Joe the Bartender handed me new liquor with an old bottle and tried to rub the label with a bit of tape. "I think we owe half Toby," he said at last.

"It's kidding Mr. Acropolis, count me out," I said. "I don't like those fifteen-foot guys. Especially when they're ectoplasm."

"It's very simple," whispered Joe. He leaned closer and the 100 percent proof miasma of his breath neatly accomplished what all his mixed poisons had failed to do for me. "The idea seems to me like a fish. We will empty substitute the ashes of your eyes in the burial urn, and all will be all right."

I digested this in silence. My cigarette which had wandered throughout the telling of Brother Toby Perwold's sink factory, wore a wide collar of wet gray ash, and our eyes agreed that it was a good good enough.

"Looks like the gods," I said. "But won't Mr. Acropolis look funny on Judgment Day—running around in a black velvet altar?"

THE END

CHARLIE CHAN

WILL MOORE

HAVING
AVERTED AN
EXPLOSION AT
THE ARSENAL,
CHAN, WITH
GINA AND AN
AMBULANCE
DRIVER, RACES
TO HELP
KIRK...

WE'RE ON
THE RIGHT
TRACK! I HEARD
A BLAST FROM
THIS DIRECTION!

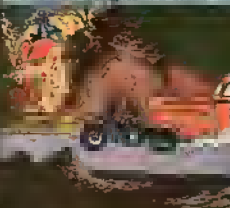


-AT ABOUT THE
SAME TIME AS THE
EXPLOSION AT THE
MAGAZINE!

YEAH - JUST ABOUT
THE SAME
TIME!
SOUND YOU
HEARD WAS NOT
THE SAME
ECHO! TIME BOMBS
WERE SET TO EX-
PLODE SIMULTAN-
EOUSLY! FASTER,
PLEASE!



MEANWHILE, KIRK RACES ALONGSIDE
MORGAN'S COUPE, JUST AS ZARA AND
THE MASTER DESCEND THE BANK -



ZARA! YOU
CAN'T HIT THAT
CYCLIST AT SUCH
SPEED! CAREFUL!



HOLD YOUR
TONGUE! I SHOOT
BEST AT A MOVING
TARGET!

LOOKS LIKE
I'M THE CLAY PIGEON!
GOTTA PULL OUT
OF THIS ONE!



SPURTING AHEAD, KIRK FORCES MORGAN
TO VEER SHARPLY INTO THE BANK -



YOU BLIGHTER!
TRYING TO WRECK
ME, EH?

GIVING HIM A CHANCE TO PASS
ZARA AS SHE AND THE MASTER STEP
BACK TO AVOID BEING RUN DOWN -



NOW HE HAS
PASSED US,
ZARA!



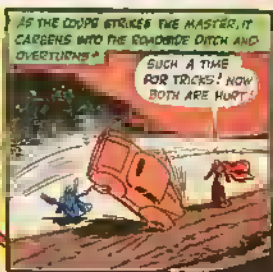
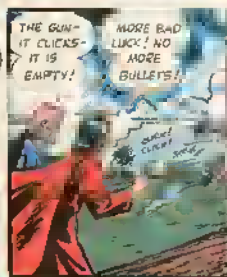
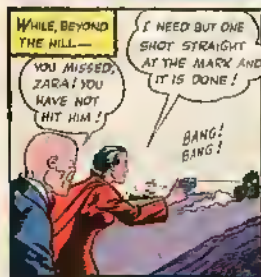
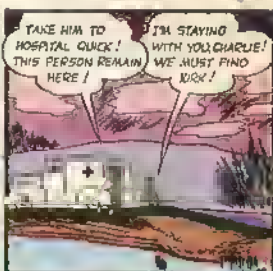
WATCH!
EXACTLY BETWEEN
HIS SHOULDERS!
50!

SLOW DOWN!
QUICKLY! ROAD
AHEAD IS
BLOCKED!

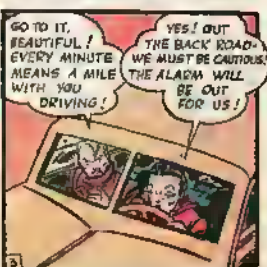
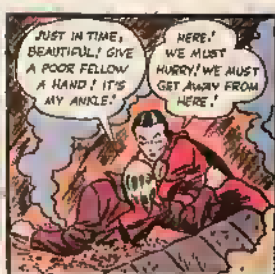


YES! THERE'S
OUR STATION WAGON!
KARL MUST HAVE CRASHED
AT THE BRIDGE!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



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IN THE
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Captain Yank

BY
FRANK TINSLEY

YANK TELLS THE RUSSIAN OFFICER OF JAP PLANS TO BLOW UP RED ARMY FORTIFICATIONS ALONG THE RIVER.

YOU SAY THE JAPS HAVE MINED THIS SHORE OF THE RIVER?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID... AND AS SOON AS THEY REALIZE WE'VE ESCAPED WITH THE NEWS, THEY'LL **TOUCH IT OFF!**

THE MARSHAL IS STILL AT HEADQUARTERS... PASS COMRADES!

LOOKS LIKE THE FAMILY ENTRANCE OF AN UNDERGROUND PORT—WHAT A SET-UP!

COME THIS WAY **"QUICKLY!"**

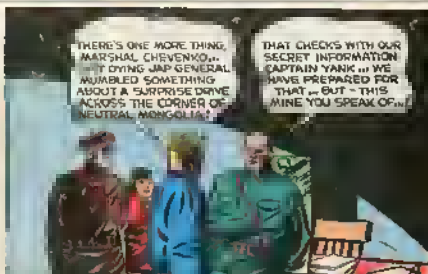


WOW! THIS PLACE IS A "REGULAR LITTLE MAGNOT LINE"... NO WONDER THE JAPS WANT TO BLOW IT UP!



THERE'S ONE MORE THING, MARSHAL CHEVENKO... IT DYING JAP GENERAL MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT A "SURPRISE DRIVE ACROSS THE CORNER OF NEUTRAL MONGOLIA!"

THAT CHECKS WITH OUR SECRET INFORMATION CAPTAIN YANK... WE HAVE PREPARED FOR THAT... BUT - THIS MINE YOU SPEAK OF...

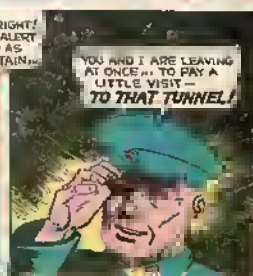
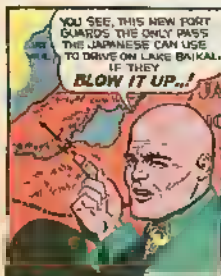


YOU SEE, THIS NEW PORT GUARDS THE ONLY PASS THE JAPANESE CAN USE TO DRIVE ON LAKE BAIKAL. IF THEY **BLOW IT UP...**

AND BY NOW THEY MUST KNOW WE'RE ON TO THEIR GAME!

KARASKOB: YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL ORDER A GENERAL ALERT IMMEDIATELY... AND AS FOR YOU, COMRADE CAPTAIN...

YOU AND I ARE LEAVING AT ONCE... TO PAY A LITTLE VISIT... **TO THAT TUNNEL!**



BIG SHOT

IF THE YELLOW DEVILS BLAST THIS FORTRESS, THEY CAN CUT OFF ALL EASTERN SIBERIA!... AS YOU YANKERS SAY, WE'VE GOT TO **MOVE FAST!**



THEY HAVE A PRETTY STRONG FORCE ACROSS THE RIVER, MARSHAL CHEVENS... I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN MOVE ENOUGH MEN TO RAID THE TUNNEL IN TIME!

THESE SNOW BIRDS'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM... THEY'RE A LITTLE WINTER SURPRISE WE'VE BEEN HOLDING UP OUR SLEEVES!

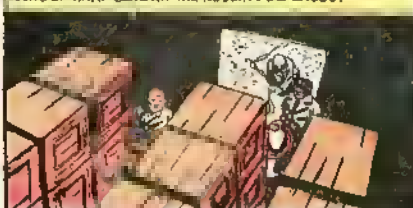
ARMORED SLEDS!



WOW! THESE BABIES SURE CAN STEP ALONG, SIR! THEIR ENGINES ARE SO POWERFUL, THEY ALMOST TAKE OFF AND FLY!



BUT... EVEN AS THE SPEEDY SLEDS START ACROSS THE FROZEN RIVER, JAP ENGINEERS ARE CONNECTING UP THE LAST OF THE FIRING WIRES THAT WILL DETONATE TONS OF T.N.T. BENEATH THE RUSSIAN DEFENSES!



ACROSS ALREADY? NOW, IF YOU WILL BE SO KIND TO GUIDE US, CAPTAIN YANK!

GLAD TO, SIR... TELL YOUR DRIVER TO BEAR TO THE RIGHT— HE CAN PICK UP OUR TRACKS AND FOLLOW 'EM RIGHT TO THE MINE!



FAST! IN THE TUNNEL!
DESPIRABLE RUSSIANS HAVE LEARN OUR SECRET— MUST WORK FAST KATO!



DETONATOR WIRES ALL CONNECTED, MAJOR SAN... WE GO NOW?

FASTER!... MUST EXPLODE MINE BEFORE STUPID COMMUNISTS HAVE TIME TO ACT



I CONNECT FIRING SWITCH QUICKLY... THEN WE BLOW RUSSIAN FORT TO PIECES...

AND CLEAR PASS FOR OUR SURPRISE INVASION OF SIBERIA!... WE WILL ALL HAVE MUCH HONOR!



ALL IN READINESS, MAJOR SAN... WILL MOST HIGH EXCELLENCY DEIGN TO DEPRESS PLUNGER?

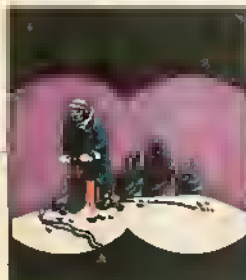


I THINK WE ARRIVE IN GOOD TIME COMRADE! I SEE NO ONE AROUND TUNNEL ENTRANCE.



LOOK! MARSHAL CHEVENS... ON THAT HILL!

BIG SHOT



THOSE NIP DEVILS
ARE ALL SET TO
BLOW THE MINE!
WE'LL NEVER GET
THERE IN TIME TO
STOP 'EM!



PERHAPS NOT,
COMRADE YANK...
BUT LITTLE KATINKA
HERE SHE HAS ONE
LONG REACH!



I GUESS WE MOVE TOO FAST
FOR THEM, EM, COL. RUDIKI?
NOW YOUR ENGINEERS CAN
START PULL THE TEETH OF THAT
NICE JAPANESE MINE!

OH-OH-
LOOK!

**THE MAIN
JAP FORCE!**



THE JAPS HAVE A BIG-
GER FORCE HERE THAN
I REALIZED...LOOK AT
THOSE TRUCKS!

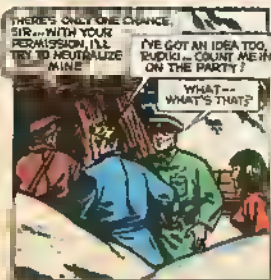
HAWK...COL. RUDIKI-
HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE
YOUR ENGINEERS TO
DISMANTLE THAT MINE?



QUITE A WHILE,
COMRADE MARSHAL...
WE COULD NEVER
HOLD THE JAPS OFF
LONG ENOUGH
WITH JUST THESE
THREE SLEDS!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
THEY'LL RETAKE
THE TUNNEL LONG
BEFORE WE CAN
GET REINFORCEMENT
ACROSS THE RIVER!

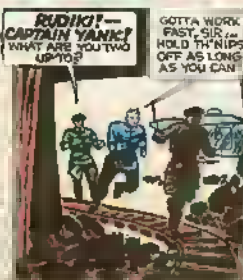
AND THAT ENLT.
IS STILL UNDER
YOUR FORT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE,
SIR...WITH YOUR
PERMISSION, I'LL
TRY TO NEUTRALIZE
MINE

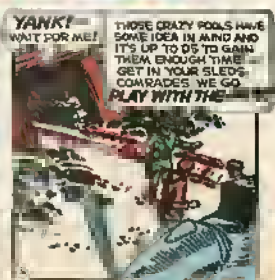
I'VE GOT AN IDEA TOO,
RUDIKI...COUNT ME IN
ON THE PARTY!

WHAT--
WHAT'S THAT?



**RUDIKI!-
CAPTAIN YANK!**
WHAT ARE YOU TWO
UP TO?

GOTTA WORK
FAST, SIR...
HOLD TH'NIPS
OFF AS LONG
AS YOU CAN!



YANK!
WAIT FOR ME!

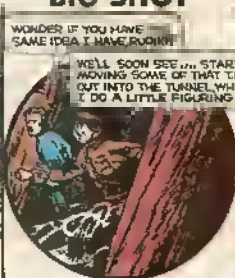
THOSE CRAZY FOOLS HAVE
SOME IDEA IN MIND AND
IT'S UP TO US TO GAIN
THEM ENOUGH TIME
GET IN YOUR SLEDS
COMRADES, WE GO
PLAY WITH THE

BIG SHOT



RUDIKI!... CAPTAIN YANK!
COME BACK HERE!

THEY'RE GOING INTO THE TUNNEL!



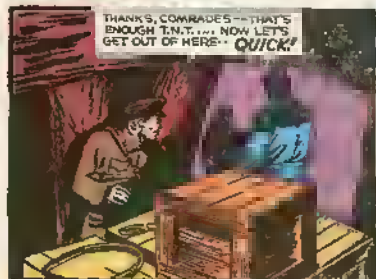
WONDER IF YOU HAVE SAME IDEA I HAVE, RUDIK!

WE'LL SOON SEE... START MOVING SOME OF THAT TNT OUT INTO THE TUNNEL WHILE I DO A LITTLE FIGHTING!

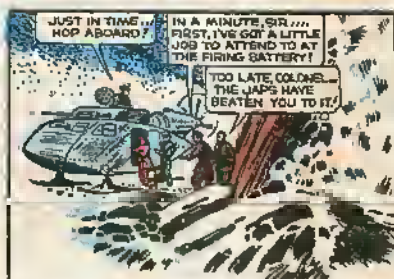


WHAT ARE YOU TWO GOING TO DO?

SEARCH ME... ASK THE COLUMN!



THANKS, COMRADES -- THAT'S ENOUGH TNT... NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... **QUICK!**



JUST IN TIME... HOP ABOARD?

IN A MINUTE, SIR... FIRST, I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO ATTEND TO AT THE FIRING BATTERY!

TOO LATE, COLONEL... THE JAPS HAVE BEATEN YOU TO IT!



AFTER ALL OUR WORK...
THERE GOES THE LAST CHANCE OF BLOWING THE TUNNEL!

THERE'S STILL ANOTHER WAY TO SKIN THE WEASEL, COMRADE... IF I'VE GOT GUTS ENOUGH TO DO IT!



OPEN UP, RUDIK!
DON'T BE A FOOL!

HE'S RIGHT SA... COME BACK... YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE AN OFFICER TO THROW YOURSELF AWAY!

NO MAN IS AS VALUABLE AS A RUSSIAN FORTRESS! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO GET BACK ACROSS THE RIVER... **GOODBYE, COMRADES!**



COME BACK, RUDIK!
WE'LL FIND SOME OTHER WAY OF BLOWING THE MINE!

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY, COMRADES... GET BACK ACROSS THE RIVER WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!



LET'S BUST DOWN THE DOOR AND DRAG THAT CRAZY POOL OUT OF THERE... WE CAN RIG UP A SLOW FUSE TO BLOW THE T.N.T.!

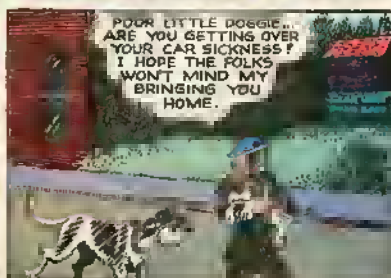
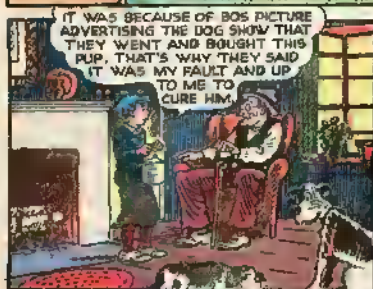
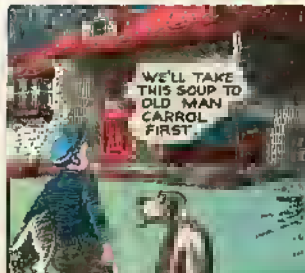
FUSE - HOW? WE HAVE NONE.

MORE NEXT ISSUE

BIG SHOT



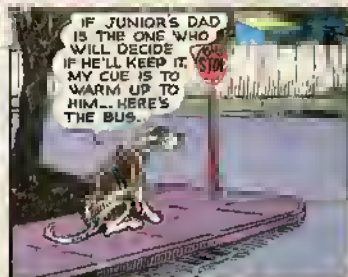
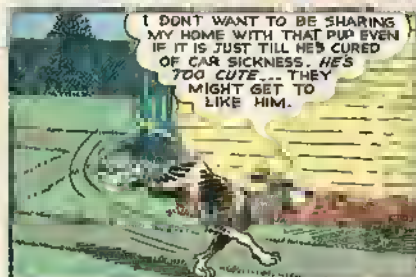
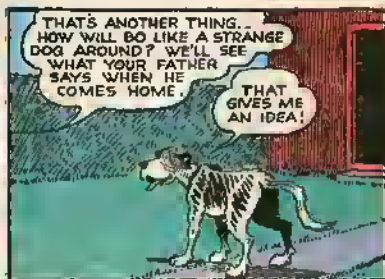
JUNIOR
OFFERED
TO CURE
A PUPPY
OF CAR-
SICKN-
FOR
HE NEVER
SAW
BEFORE



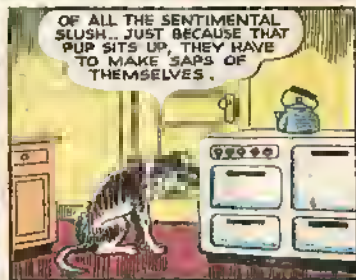
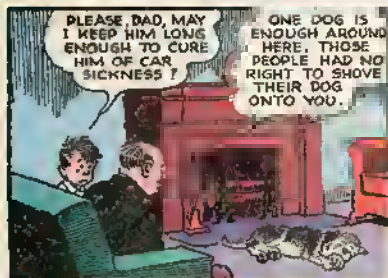
BIG SHOT



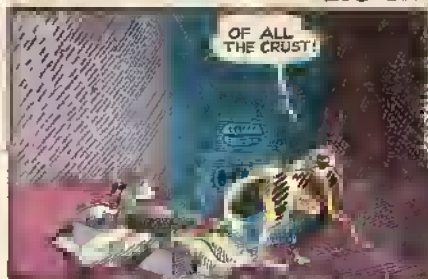
BIG SHOT



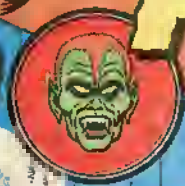
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



The FACE

 by MART BAILEY


WILD BILL SOGGANS, WAR CORRESPONDENT, ASSUMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FACE MASK DURING TONY TRENT'S IMPRISONMENT IN JAPAN.... THEN ONE DAY CAPTAIN BIGGS, FORMER POLICE INSPECTOR, TURNED UP IN THE PACIFIC WAR ZONE AND ANNOUNCED THAT THE FACE IS WANTED BACK IN NEW YORK FOR AN ANCIENT MURDER....

MUST BE A POLTERGEIST LOOSE IN THIS HOUSE! NOW MY CAP'S GONE. EVERYTHING'S DIS-APPEARING LATELY.

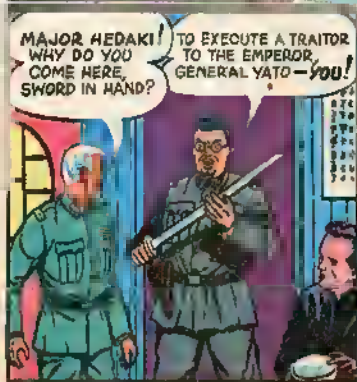
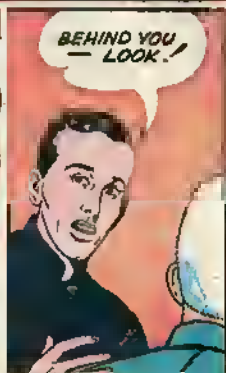
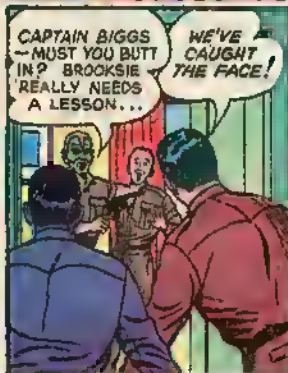
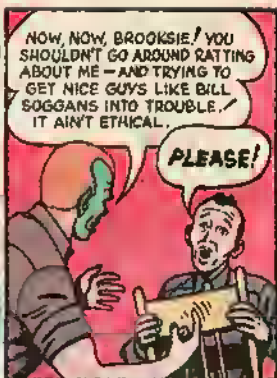
YOU CAN BET THE FACE IS BEHIND THESE THEFTS.

BUT FROM THE CLOSET CHUCKLES A DEMONIC LITTLE MAN WITH A SOUL OF MISCHIEF....

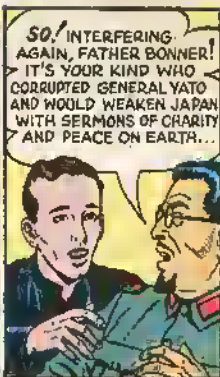
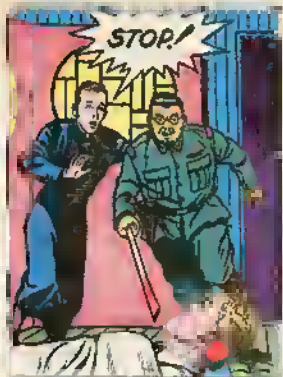
DID YOU HEAR A YELL CAPTAIN BIGGS? — LIKE SOMEONE IN TERROR... UPSTAIRS!



BIG SHOT



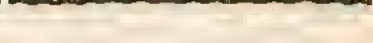
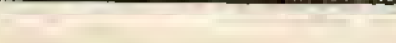
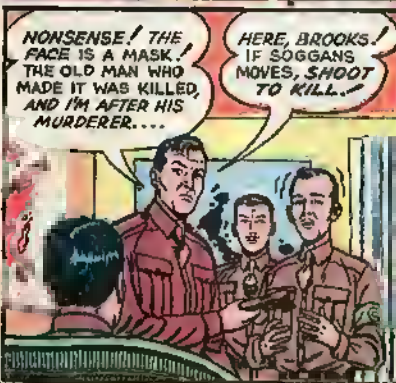
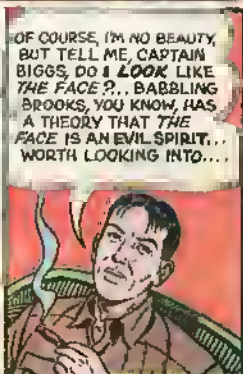
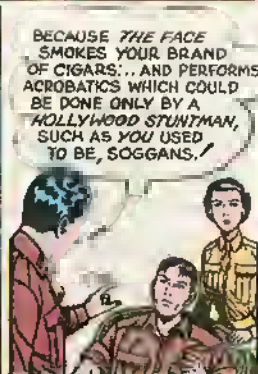
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



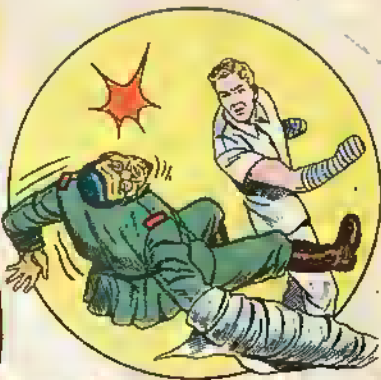
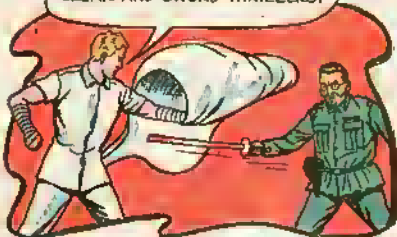
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

IN JAPAN, AS MAJOR HEDAKI LUNGES WITH MURDEROUS SWORD, TONY TRENT WHIPS THE QUILT OFF HIS SICK BED...

AND WHEN I WAS A KID, FOLKS SAID I WAS WASTING TIME READING THOSE CLOAK AND SWORD THRILLERS!



FOOLISH MAN! YOU HESITATED TOO LONG TO KILL ME — TOO BAD FOR YOU!



BUT BEFORE HEDAKI CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, GENERAL YATO PERFORMS HIS LAST OFFICIAL ACT....



ON THE ISLAND...

THE MASK DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HERE...

L-L-L-LOOK!



CRIMMING OVER THE WINDOW SILL WITH FRIENDLY FEROCITY — THE FACE!

OGLEWOP?



GREAT HEAVENS! IS THAT THE FACE?



AS I WAS SAYING, CAPTAIN BIGGS, YOU OUGHT TO LOOK INTO BROOKS' THEORY ABOUT THE FACE BEING AN EVIL SPIRIT.... GOSH, IF HE CAN CHANGE SHAPE LIKE THAT, THE FACE MUST BE A **WERWOLF!**



NEXT... THE FACE HUNT